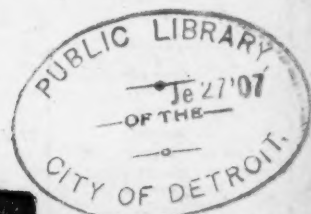
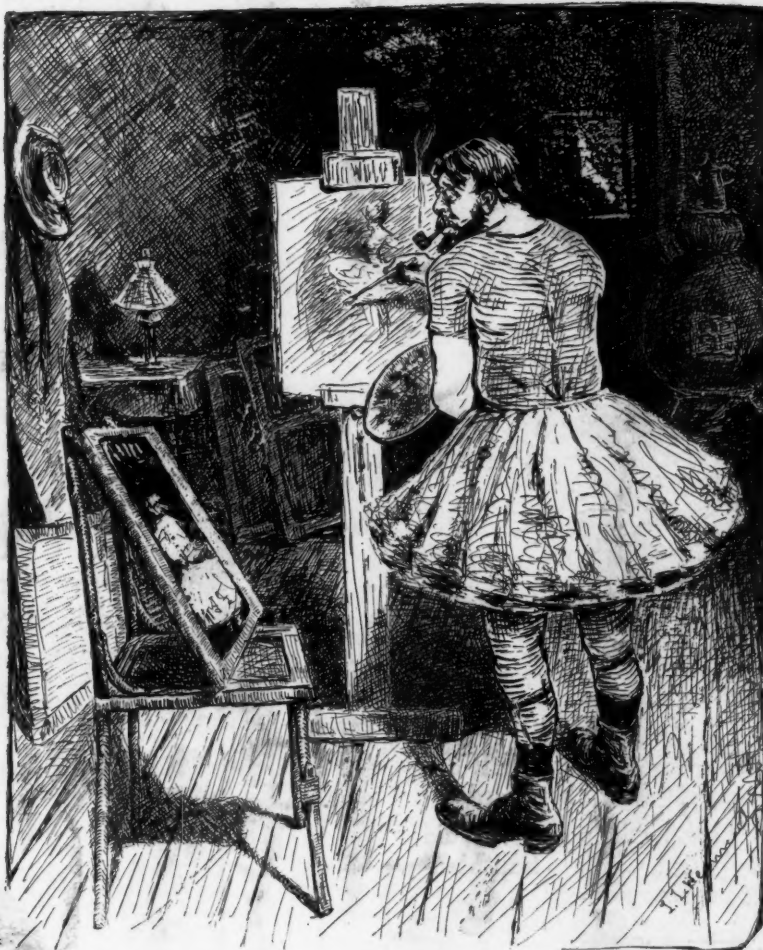


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Thursday, June 27th The Surf The Sheepshead Bay Handicap	Wednesday, July 3rd The Pansy	Monday, July 8th The Bay Ridge
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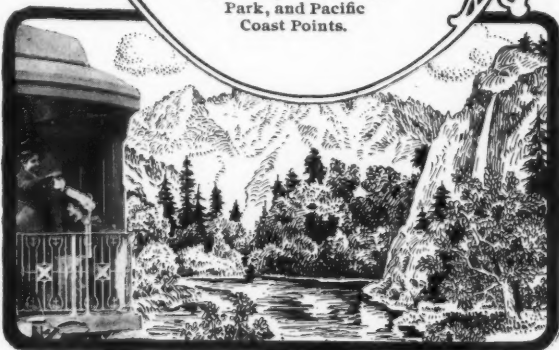
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Seemed Easy to Lincoln

ONE afternoon when Lincoln was President word came to the War Department from the Provost Marshal at Portland, Me., that Henry Jameson, the Confederate secret service agent, was on his way to New York, where he had engaged passage for England. The War Department was at once all astir.

Charles A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, received the message and hastened at once to consult with Secretary of War Stanton.

"How do you advise me to act in this matter?" queried Dana.

"Arrest the man at once," was Stanton's reply; "but you had better see the President before you proceed further."

Dana went immediately to the White House. As he was a frequent visitor he was readily admitted to Lincoln's private room.

"What is it, Dana?" asked the President as the Secretary came in.

Dana told about the incident, and asked the President what ought to be done.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "you say Jameson will soon leave the country?"

"Yes, sir; he will escape within a few hours if nothing is done to stop him. My purpose is to arrest him."

"Well," was the President's reply, "when you have a white elephant on your hands, and he's doing his level best to get away, why not leave him alone, Dana?"

And Jameson was.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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He Couldn't Be Bribed on Credit

IN ONE of the Upper Peninsula counties of Michigan is a lawyer, not a bad fellow, but possessing the capacity to say the wrong thing at the right time. He was recently employed as attorney for the plaintiff in an action before a justice growing out of an assault. The defendant and plaintiff are laborers, both foreigners, and the defendant, as soon as process was served, anxious to settle, went to see the plaintiff's attorney to effect a compromise. He had no money, but was profuse in promises to fix it up "pay day," and told the attorney if he consented to fixing the matter up he would make it right with him personally. Assuming that dignity which pertains to the profession, and filled with righteous indignation over the mere suggestions of payment from the opposition, he replied in just anger:

"My dear sir, I am the plaintiff's attorney in this case, and can't accept any compromise without consulting my client, and you must not come to me with such a proposition. I want you people to distinctly understand once for all time that you can't bribe an honest lawyer, on credit."—*Green Bag.*

PHILADELPHIA is to have a new \$10,000,000 art gallery; if they don't watch the grafters, they'll fill it with chromes at the prices of old masters.—*Houston Chronicle.*

AT A big luncheon Beerbohm Tree sat next to the dean of Manchester. Said a guest: "Well, Mr. Tree, what have you been doing to-day?" "Oh," replied the actor-manager, "I went for a long motor ride this morning and I lost a bet." "Indeed," remarked the dean. "May I ask what the bet was?" "Certainly," said Mr. Tree; "I made a bet that we should pass through 400 different odors and we only encountered 399." "Ah," was the quick reply, "you missed the odor of sanctity."—*Argonaut.*

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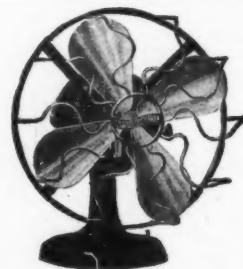
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LIFE



"POOR OLD THING! STRANGE THAT HIS CASE HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN CORRECTLY DIAGNOSED."

Goal

HOW many a man, who, toiling up the grade,
Unmindful of the siren's silver charms,
Reaching at last the pinnacle he assayed,
Falls, fainting, in Fame's arms.

Sequence

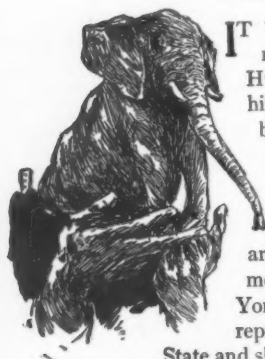
ACTION is coarsened thought. The bloody war,
The murders done, the women struck stone blind,
The little children slaughtered—all these things
First grew in some wise statesman's mind.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. JUNE 27, 1907. No. 1287.

17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



IT WOULD not be accurate to say of Governor Hughes that none name him but to praise him, but he is praised a great deal just now, and for sufficient reasons. By rights, and according to the intentions of the artificers of the government of the State of New York, the Legislature should represent the people of the State and should pass such laws and transact such business as the people desire. In practice, however, in New York, as in most other States, the Legislature had come to represent not so much the people as the masters of the political machinery of the State. What should be done was determined by a Platt or an Odell, in consultation with the party lieutenants, and the Legislature got its orders and usually obeyed them. But Governor Hughes was nominated and elected, against the desires of his party managers, as the representative of the people of the State to carry out such wishes as they had, or ought to have. As the people seldom know the particulars of what they want the Governor elaborated and declared certain policies, and submitted them in public addresses to the voters, whom he asked to support him in persuading the Legislature to carry them out. And he got the support he wanted. The voters became interested in him, and trusted him and his policies, and backed him up so definitely that the managers of the political machines recognized at length that this year, at least, the Governor must have his way. And the Legislature recognized it, too, and has passed at this writing nearly all the measures that the Governor had recommended. So Governor Hughes has made good, and has done it, so far as appears, without office-mongering, or establishing any personal machine in his party, or leaning on the staff of Federal patronage,

which he might have used, but simply by gaining the confidence of the people of the State.



THIS is a considerable exploit, to which attention has been paid all over the country, and which has made Governor Hughes a figure of national importance, and a man to be thought about in connection with the Presidential nomination next year. The most important measure which the New York Legislature passed at the Governor's instigation is the Public Utilities Bill, which put the charge of all the public service corporations of the State in the hands of two commissions, appointed by the Governor and responsible to him, and to no one else. This law gives to the Governor enormous power over the business of the State. That Governor Hughes will use this power as wisely as he can, nobody doubts, but inasmuch as few persons believe that the political millennium has come in New York to stay, there are some awful misgivings about what may happen when in due time a Governor is elected in New York who is less worthy of public confidence than Governor Hughes. Fearful observers do not want great power over the industries of the State entrusted to any one official, or to his appointees, because such power immediately becomes one of the spoils of politics, and is likely, first or last, to fall into unfit hands.

These misgivings are reasonable. The answer to them is that where great power is definitely placed, there commensurate responsibility definitely rests. If we were the railroads and other like corporations and wanted no more than fair treatment, we would as soon trust our fate to a board of skilled commissioners, responsible to the Governor for what they do, as to a Legislature responsible to a Platt or an Odell.



WE SHALL know more of the merits or defects of the Public Utilities law when it has been in force for a decade or two. If it proves to be a useful law, under which the public gets due protection and

the corporations concerned get justice, it will be very important and will doubtless be borrowed by other States. For the methods by which at present many of the States are dealing with their corporations, and especially the railroads, are very faulty and productive of great embarrassments and mischiefs. Governor Hughes's opinion of some of these methods was conveyed in his veto of the two-cent-fare bill passed by the Legislature of New York. Railroad rates must not be dealt with wholesale and without investigation as they have been in all the States that have passed two-cent-fare bills, but that is the only way a State Legislature can deal with them. If the whole matter of railroad regulation is not to go to the Federal Government the States must show vastly more competence to deal with it than they have shown in the past six months.

These are mighty curious times for the States, anyway. Various active gobblyuns are at large that seem certain to get them if they don't watch out. They need a shepherd. It is astonishing with what boldness the theory is now advanced that it is high time the United States ceased to be a basket of eggs and became an omelet.



The President is a great man, and he is a good man.
—LIFE.

OUR attention has been recalled to the observation above quoted by a reader who feels uncertain, as yet, whether the President is a great man, and wants further information about it that will be more convincing than mere say-so.

Whether a man is great or not is matter of opinion, in which the final opinion is the one that counts.

No more is safe to say of President Roosevelt than that he is a great man at present. Part of his greatness is that of a man who rides a tall horse. But, at least, he can ride the horse; that is not all of it, either. He is not great like Webster in the profundity of his mental powers. His preeminence is due rather to the prodigious velocity of his component atoms. Webster could have beaten him in putting the shot and throwing the hammer, but he could have beaten Webster in the potato race.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS TRIES SOME EXPERIMENTS.

June



ARMY LIFE IN SPAIN.



"WHAT DO I CARE?"



THE KAISER HAS THE TELEPHONE HABIT.



CROKER WINS THE DERBY.

E.T. RICHARDS.



COMING TO HIS OWN.



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TOO }

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MESSRS. REDFIELD BROTHERS, printers of LIFE, 5,000 circulars for our Fresh Air Farm.

Even Up

NODD: I shouldn't think you could afford to play poker if you are so unlucky at it.

TODD: What I lose at poker my wife makes up at bridge.



PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

U. S.: "THE WOOD'S FULL OF 'EM"

Abate the Fury of the Ambulance Drivers

IT SEEMS sometimes as if there was a little misapprehension about the purpose of the ambulance service provided by the hospitals of New York. Properly conducted it is an exceedingly useful service and, indeed, practically indispensable. But its primary value lies in its ability to convey sick or injured persons promptly and safely, and as comfortably as possible, from the place of sudden illness or injury to the hospitals. When this service is duly performed, as it doubtless is in the majority of cases, all that can be expected of the ambulance service is achieved.

But very often the ambition of the ambulance drivers prompts them to efforts to make the service useful and popular by undertaking a number of supplementary labors. They are prone to try:

1. To contribute to the entertainment of the public by making an exceedingly noisy and perilously rapid progress through the streets.
2. To make business for the hospitals by running over folks.
3. To illustrate the effects of sudden

shock on injured patients by running into street cars and other conveyances.

4. To induce liveliness of movement in citizens by putting them in peril by reckless driving.

These ambitions may possibly be worthy in themselves, but they do not combine well with the every-day duties of the ambulance drivers. Ambulances should not dawdle on their errands. They should be as prompt and as rapid in their goings and transportations as the safety of the public and the patient admits. To

be any more prompt than that is a mistake, and ought to be constituted a misdemeanor. It is better to consume two minutes more in carrying a patient to a hospital and get him there comparatively unagitated than to smash him up, or shake or scare him to death in transit.

Whatever means the hospital authorities have for selecting and controlling their ambulance drivers, they do not seem to be adequate. The city authorities should help the hospitals out by prescribing the speed at which ambulances may travel and setting the bicycle policemen to see that the drivers keep within the limit.

The Work-Horses Are Decorated, Too

NEW YORK'S work-horse parade on Decoration Day was a glorious success. Eighteen hundred horses and nearly nine hundred trucks were in the parade, and prizes and ribbons were awarded in forty-seven classes. It is likely now to become an annual event, and so it should, for it is an excellent means of promoting the welfare of work-horses, and keeping alive interest in their quality and well-being. It is another good thing that has come to town from Boston.



Skye: YOU KNOW I'M SOMETHING OF A LITERARY LIGHT MYSELF!

Fide: A SORT OF SKYE-LIGHT—EH?

Life's Little Problems

THERE were three elderly men who had dined together and now sat late over their whisky and cigars. They had been friends for many years and as the night waned and the fire flickered on the hearth, the talk became more intimate and personal. From business and the various external interests which engrossed them they fell to discussing life and the fortunes of the game. Then they touched on sentiment and gradually came to speak of the inner emotions of the heart and of life's greatest lure—love.

"My youth," said the first man, "was haunted by the vision of the ideal woman, and for many years my heart was dedicated to that quest, with the result that I have, as you know, buried



... they fell to discussing life

four wives. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Bless"—he paused abruptly and bowed his head in token of grief.

The other two, respecting his silence, forbore to complete the quotation.

The next man adjusted a frivolous necktie, carefully smoothed the creases in his too youthful coat and hastily suppressed an exclamation of pain as he felt a twinge in the gouty foot encased in a painfully tight shoe. "I," he said, "regard myself as singularly blessed. I feel that I am just about to learn what real happiness is. After many years of

sentimental friendship, and fleeting flirtations, I have just married a young girl. A little gay and heedless, perhaps, a somewhat spoiled and wilful child, but all the more charming for that."

His friends glanced significantly at each other and again forbore to voice the quotation which rose to their lips: "When an old man marries a young wife."

The third man waited a few minutes before he spoke. Finally he said:

"I have never married, and I do not know whether I have been wise or foolish. There have been many women and yet there has never been but one. Perhaps you two can tell me from the depths of your experience why, in all these years, I have not been able to forget her."

"Because," said one of the cronies, "she was, of them all, the only one who ever really loved you."

"Ah, no," replied the other. "She was the only one you never quite succeeded in winning."

One of these men was right. Which? Do you know?

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

The Liars' Club Bulletin

NO LADIES are admitted, except on Ladies' Day.

There is a special messenger service provided between here and the White House.

Before being admitted to membership, every applicant must have personal recommendations from the President.

Don't be too impatient to get in. Remember, there is a long waiting-list.

Animal story telling on Saturday night, in the grill-room.

There will be a baseball game next Sunday between the Railroad Liars and the Nature Liars. Following are the teams:

RAILROAD	NATURE
Harriman.....c.....	Long.
Baer.....p.....	Roberts.
Truesdale.....rst b.....	Thompson Seton
Morgan.....2d b.....	Ernest Ingersoll
Mellen.....3d b.....	Neltje Blanchan
Fish.....ss.....	Kipling.
Hill.....rf.....	Harold Baynes.
Gould.....lf.....	Jack London.
Ryan.....cf.....	Noah

Umpire: John Burroughs.

Broad, All Right

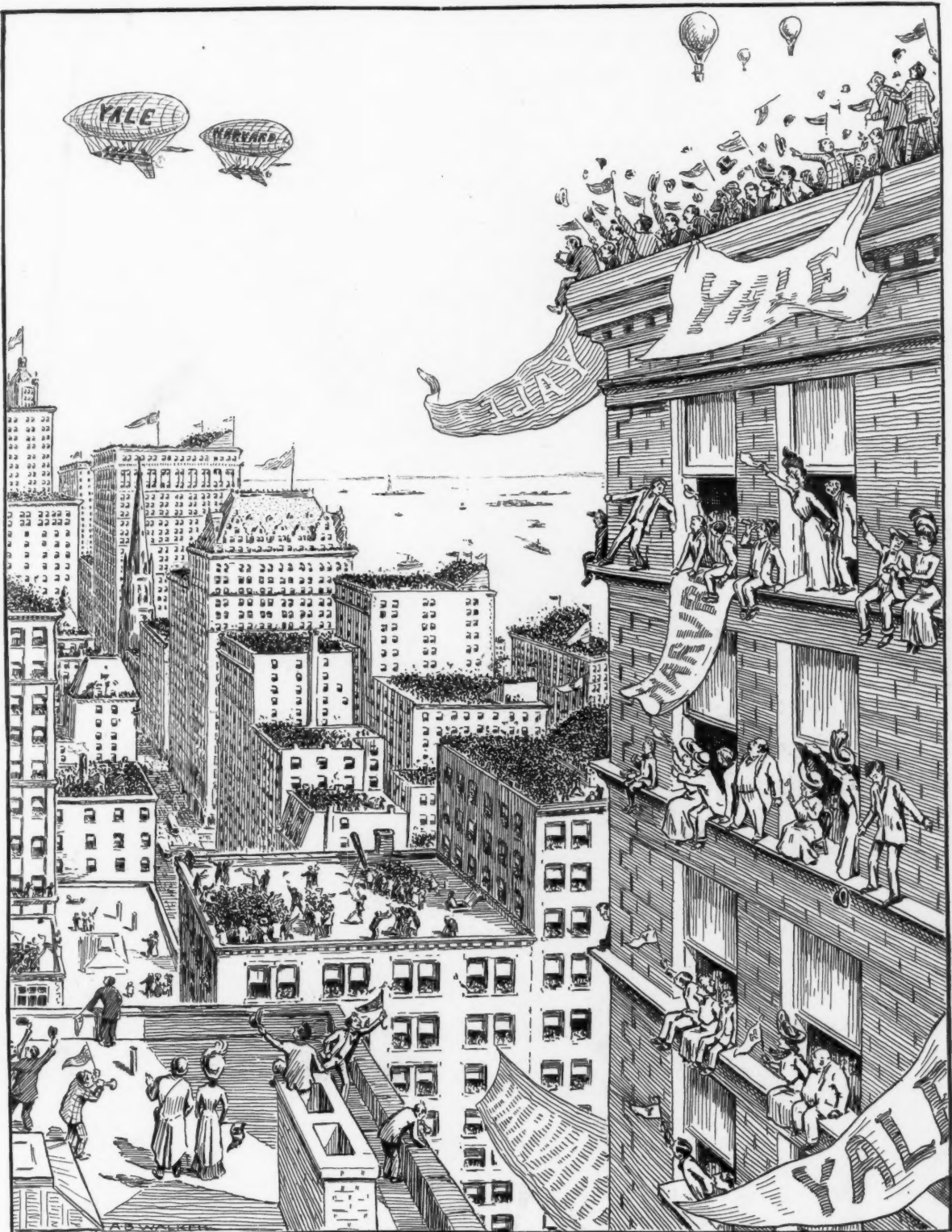
"I LIKE Bishop Edmund's scheme of salvation."

"What is it?"

"Well, he says the Methodists will pick a sinner out of the gutter, the Baptists will wash him, the Presbyterians will blue him, the Episcopalians will starch him, the Roman Catholics will perfume him, the Salvation Army will teach him Brotherhood of Man—and then he will be ready for heaven."

FIRST OLD LADY: What kind of a time did you have at the funeral?

SECOND OLD LADY: Well, I've enjoyed myself more at others.



THE REGATTA OF THE FUTURE

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• LE •



OUR NEW CABINET?

Who's What

In and Out of America



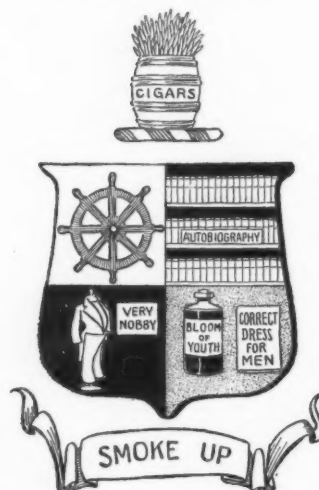
Hearst, W. R. A young man with a long face, a long pocketbook and a long record, who was born in California, raised himself in New York, descended into Hades, and is forever out of politics. He is a great traveler, having visited Europe, Asia, Africa and parts of Brooklyn. The only place he hasn't visited has been Congress. For many years now he has had yellow fever, being constantly attended by trained nurse Brisbane. At one time he was a member of Harvard, that college being reminded of it ever since. His principal occupation is loving Mayor McClellan and reading the *New York World*. Favorite flowers, goldenrod and sassafras. Author of "The Trail of the Serpent," "Yellow Is That Yellow Docs," etc. Motto: "Money makes the mayor go." Address, care Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Sue Him!

MR. WILLIAM J. LONG, the romanticist nature-writer, wants President Roosevelt to apologize for his recent remarks.

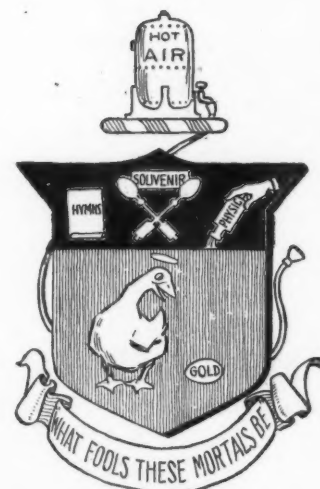
Nonsense, William. He won't apologize. He would rather fight. Sue him for libel. That's your proper remedy, and a good advertisement, besides, for both of you.

"**SHE'S** a very intellectual woman."
"So I hear. Is she intelligent?"

**Twain, Mark** (alias Clemens.)

Born in the United States of America threescore and eleven years ago, this young fellow is still a baby in white flannels, having outlived several philosophers, sages and obstreperous livers. History to the contrary, he is the first discoverer of Joan of Arc, the Mississippi River and the Court of St. James. Early in life he traveled abroad, and not only survived, but was even able to write well afterward. His principal fondness is for missionaries, Christian Science and morality. But since becoming intimate with H. H. Rogers, he has devoted himself more and more to missionaries and Christian Science. His principal recreation is not parting his hair. His true greatness consists in the fact that he is still regarded with pure affection, in spite of the fact that he has been advertised by George Harvey. At present he is engaged in writing an autobiography, which, it is estimated, will be finished in 1999, or possibly in the fall of 1998. His favorite motto is "Smoke Up." His only vice is reading in bed.

THERE is much of the flavor of go-early-and-avoid-the-rush about the *Harvard University Gazette's* announcement that "Week-day morning prayers begin at 8.45 A.M. No seats are reserved."



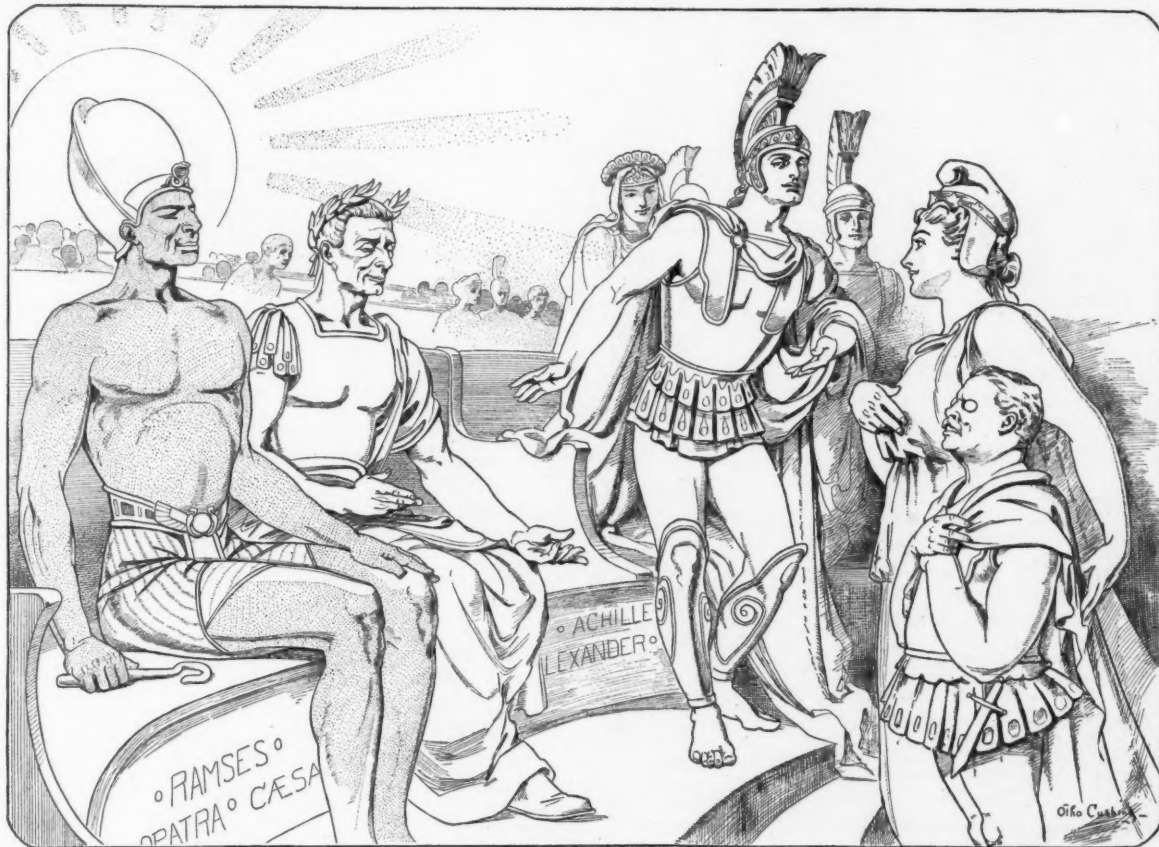
Eddy, Mary Baker. A celebrated claim remover of Concord, Mass. Also Profitess. This lady was born in New Hampshire some seventy years ago, and since then has been principally engaged in raising husbands, money and disciples. Her husbands have vanished, being only errors of mortal mind, but money and disciples are still on hand. Her principal occupation is removing claims and wads and being an understudy to divinity. Unlike the old woman who lived in a shoe and who had so many children, this lady always knows exactly what to do. At one time she lived in Massachusetts, but, it being so unhealthy for her there, she left and has never dared to return. Though not of royal blood, she lives on royalties and souvenir spoons, and as a hymn manufacturer is a great success. She writes the English language with almost the lucidity of Henry James. Her favorite posture is reading *McClure's Magazine*. Favorite flower, forget-me-not. Principal works, "The Robberies Company, Limited," "The Law and the Profits." Favorite motto: "What fools these mortals be." Address, Heaven and Earth.

Towed Home

TED: What kind of an auto has he?

NED: Twenty horse-power going out and one horse coming back.

A CRANK is a man who knows more about one subject than we do about twenty.



TEDDY'SSES APOTHEOSIS. X

PALLAS COLUMBIA REQUESTS FOR HIM A PLACE IN HISTORY

The New Marc Antony

[December, 1903, the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, burned; almost six hundred lives lost. Recent judicial decision on the case: City ordinance pertaining to safety in theatres invalid, since it applies to only one part of the city; secondly, because it imposed no special duty on the defendants. No appeal; no redress for dead or injured.]

FRRIENDS, Countrymen and Lawyers,
lend me your ears;

I come to praise the Law, not to damn it.
The learned Judge, the scrutinizing Judge,
Hath said the Ordinance did not apply
Wherein the Theatre was not. Thus, with
this pretext,

I come to speak at Equity's funeral.
(For Equity was anxious to repay,
Was willing, waiting, faithful, just and
meek;

Solicited by all the Dead with Crying Souls.)
But then the learned Judge hath cried: "A
Flaw;

The Law's invalid." O wise and upright
Judge!

O life-renewing technicalities,

Which Equity received not! So much the
worse for it.

When the Defendant's Counsel urged with
tearful briefs,

An honorarium for the families bereaved,
The Judge, the cunning Judge, learned in
the Law

(Who knows th' antiquities of every Code
And pre-Justinian pandects, sirs, as well),
Hath cried: "The Flaw"; straightway for-
got the fire.

O Law, where is thy sting? O Justice, thy
surcease?

O Judgment, thou'rt enshrined in generous
hearts!

(No aspersion on the Defendants, sirs.)
The Law's preserved its honor—more, too,
than that—

Its antebellum dust—and banked its fees!
Whilst Equity was killed; its mantle rent!
See, where the Flaw's sharp dagger ran it
through!

Oh, what a jab the Owners' Counsel made!
Look—there Tradition, with a bias sweep,
Channeled a gash, with art to emulate!

Well done, good murderers! The noble
Judge

(So learned he knew the Flaw, forgot the
fire),

The Owners and their Counsel and the rest
(Who got a change of venue for fair trial,
And got a trial so fair the Flaw was found)—
All these—the parties of the Lion's part—
of course,

Concur in this—the Flaw; six hundred, sirs,
Burned to a crisp, concur in this—the fire!

Before the Party

HOST: Why did you write all our
guests that this is to be a very in-
formal affair?

HOSTESS: So I'd be sure to be the best
dressed woman here.

"DOES Barker's wife dress appropri-
ately?"

"No, indeed. She wears forty horse-
power togs in a runabout."

THE LATEST BOOKS

THE story of Stepan Iline, a Russian exile of Irkutsk whom the rancorous caprice of an autocratic governor condemned to roam the Siberian steppes like a modern Wandering Jew, is told by John Oxenham in *The Long Road*, and both the story and the telling are unusual as well as attractive. However slender a basis of fact the author may have had for his tale, he has contrived to give it something of a legend-like quality, a time-worn directness of sequence, a simplicity of sentiment, and an idealism ingrained and apparently unstriven for.

Margaret P. Montague's story of a blood-feud in a lost valley of the West Virginia hills, *The Sowing of Alderson Cree*, is likely to prove a treasure trove to seekers after "sweetness and light." It is drawn *con amore* from the writer's store of local associations, tender memories and poetic enthusiasm. But it falls short, by just one-half, of the possibility of popularity. For it is decidedly not a man's story. Dramatically it is sadly wanting in concentration. Sentimentally it is frankly lacking in continence. And the determined care with which the hero is shepherded to ultimate blood-guiltlessness will raise an indignant protest from

the Old Adam in whosoever still harbors him.

Dillon Wallace's account of his second and successful attempt to cross the unexplored interior of Labrador, just published in *The Long Labrador Trail*, is one of the most absorbing of the recent books of travel or of out-of-doors. It is not often, nowadays, that a pioneer and daring voyage is brought so intimately home to us. For not only did the death of Leonidas Hubbard, four years ago, focus our attention upon this particular geographical enigma, but the territory traversed is one easily visualized by any who have glimpsed the less distant wilderness. Mr. Wallace's narrative is quite ideal for its purpose. It is wholly free from rhetoric, trumpet-blowing, or other form of self-consciousness; simple, graphic and complete.

Hamlin Garland's story with a very similar title, *The Long Trail*, follows the adventures of a young argonaut who undertakes to win his way to the Klondike by the overland trail from Ashcroft to Telegraph Creek. It is a good straightforward tale and not without its adventurous appeal, but it is eclipsed, utterly, by the company it has stumbled upon.

Every now and again when we are treated to a thoroughly spontaneous and refreshing bit of humor, our surprise and

satisfaction are so great that we are in danger of an almost Latin extravagance of acknowledgment. Take for instance the ticklesome nonsense of George Ade's story of *The Slim Princess*, a Turkish lady to whom Fate had denied the creased and overlapping charms that wait upon fig-paste and a cloistered life. Mr. Kerr's illustrations and Mr. Ade's text march hand in hand to an easy victory over our susceptibilities and our risibles.

Personal memoirs are a sort of pickle in which sublimated gossip is steeped in the brine of the writer's personality, and while good gossip is important, good brine is indispensable. T. E. Kebbel's *Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories* is a volume which might be most readable did it not lack this essential. For many years the author, as political leader-writer and journalist, was in touch with men and events; but his recollections are more concerned with how he impressed those whom he met than with how they impressed him, and the book labors under the double disadvantage of being egotistical without being naive, and of lacking humor without the lack's being ingenuous.

The hardy root of the Zenda plant has wintered safely and once more sends up a green and healthy sprout to greet the Spring. This new shoot is called *The Stolen Throne* and is by Herbert Kaufman and May Isabel Fisk. It is a gay little romance, gaily told, and as confident of its own individuality as though "Stromburg" were the first, instead of the twenty-first, petty feudal survival discovered by an active imagination in the back yard of Europe. J. B. Kerfoot.

The Long Road, by John Oxenham. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Sowing of Alderson Cree, by Margaret P. Montague. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50.)

The Long Labrador Trail, by Dillon Wallace. (The Outlook Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

The Long Trail, by Hamlin Garland. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

The Slim Princess, by George Ade. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories, by T. E. Kebbel. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$4.00.)

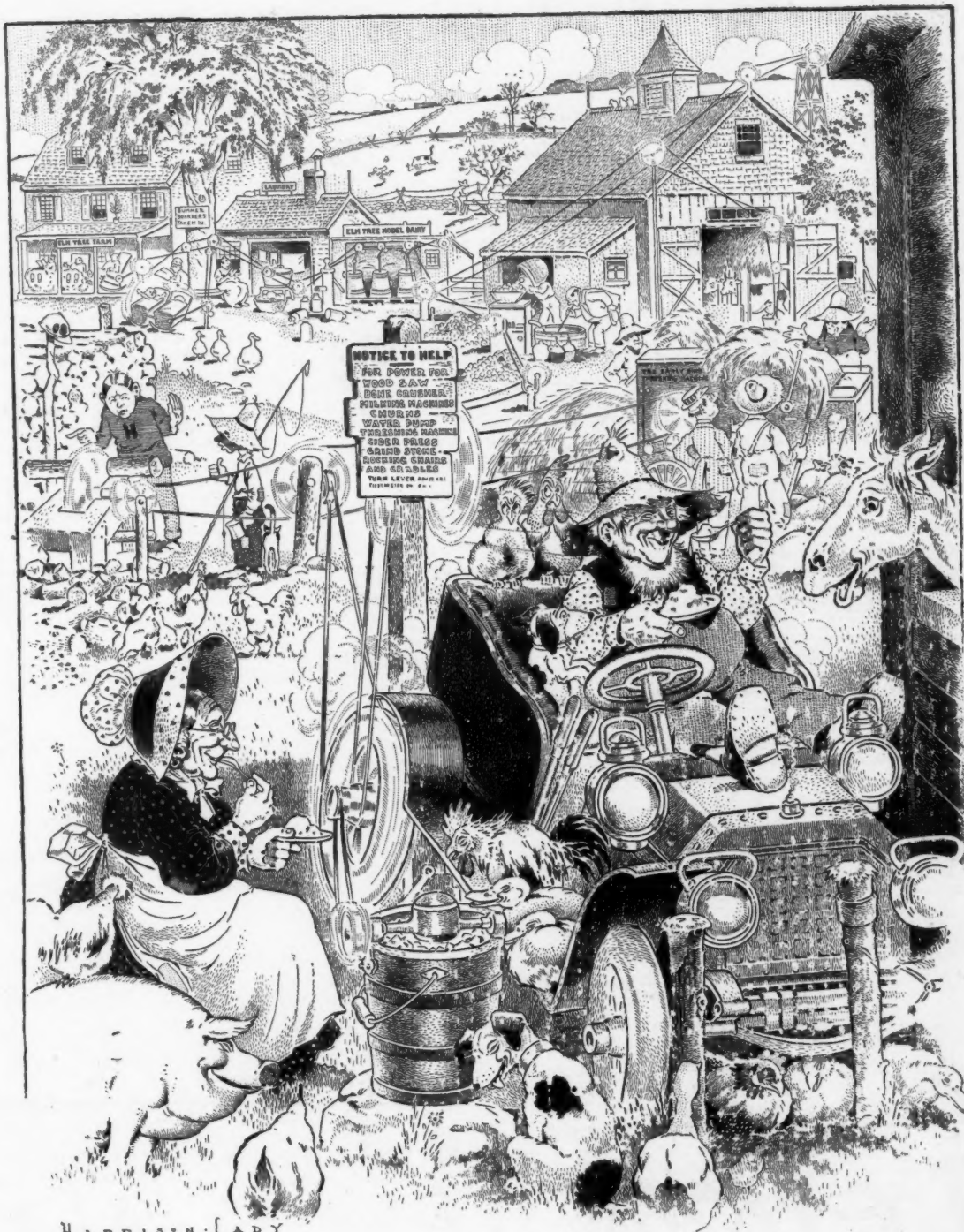
The Stolen Throne, by Herbert Kaufman and May Isabel Fisk. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

HE: I cannot, simply cannot, get close enough to you.

SHE: Then let's go out for a ride in a Broadway car.



HARRISON LADY

HOME FROM HARVARD
THE AUTOMOBILE IS APPROVED BY THE OLD MAN



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

When the cousin from the Middle West, who had never seen the ocean, was expected, her New England relatives rejoiced in the three-days' wild storm that preceded her arrival, for it assured such a surf as would render her first view suitably impressive. They escorted her jubilantly to a jutting headland, where she could best behold the tremendous sea, and stood eagerly awaiting her verdict. It was unexpected.

"Waves rolling mountain high, indeed!" she exclaimed, disgustedly. "Why, they aren't rolling any higher than second-story windows! Don't they do any better than that, ever?"

She soon came to appreciate the real beauty and majesty of a scene for which the figurative language of the poets, taken literally, had ill prepared her; but it was long before the dashed spirals of her Eastern cousins resumed their buoyancy.

A like shock was that experienced by a lady who accompanied a friend for the first time to the White Mountains.

"There they are! Look!" she cried, as Mount Washington and the assembled peaks of the Presidential range burst majestically into view through parting clouds.

"Where?" demanded her friend, eagerly. "What, not those? Why, I thought of course they would be snow-capped! What are they called White Mountains for if they're not white?"

Still more discouraging was the experience of the farmer in a beautiful, softly rolling country, who was visited at the same time by relatives from Illinois and relatives from Vermont. Cousin John from the prairies grew restless after a day or two, and finally owned he felt shut in and smothered. "These hills! these hills! Living in a hole, I call it," he said. "Now, I like to see a neighbor coming when he's ten miles off, and get some sense and feeling of the size of this good, big old world of ours. I want room!"

Cousin Eliza, from the Green Mountains, made no remarks, but she shortened her visit by several days and admitted the reason, a trifle shamefacedly, on the morning of her departure.

"The fact is, Eben," she owned, "it's so flat round here I just couldn't stand it any longer. I'm downright homesick for a hill!"—*Youth's Companion*.

AN ENGLISH tourist traveling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor." "Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've just to dee a natural death!"—*Argonaut*.

IDLY DREAMING

Capital and Labor chanced to meet.

"Good morning!" they exclaimed in cordial unison.

"I hope," said Capital, "that you find your wages satisfactory."

"Entirely so," replied Labor, "and I trust your investment is bringing fair returns."

"Excellent," said Capital, and with a warm clasp of the hands they parted.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



The Big One: IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME I'LL GIVE YOU SOME NICE CANDY.

"I DON'T WANT ANY CANDY. IT'LL MAKE ME ALL STICKY, AN' FIRST THING I KNOW, I'LL HAVE TO BE WASHED."

WE ALSO have a national Utilities Bill. His last name is Taft.—*New York Evening Mail*.

MR. CARNEGIE is reported to be suffering from cold "caught by sitting in drafts of cold air at the Peace Conference." Then he certainly caught the cold during an intermission between speeches.—*The Washington Post*.

"YOUR painting of 'A Breton Kitchen' seems to lack atmosphere." "Yes. I'm thinking of painting in an open window there on the left."—*Cleveland Leader*.

GETTING AT THE ROOT

While visiting the South recently a traveler chanced upon a resident of a sleepy hamlet in Alabama.

"Are you a native of this town?" asked the traveler.

"Am I a what?" languidly asked the one addressed.

"Are you a native of the town?"

"What's that?"

"I asked you whether you were a native of the place?"

At this juncture there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife, tall, sailow and gaunt. After a careful survey of the questioner, she said:

"Ain't you got no sense, Bill? He means was yo' livin' here when you was born, or was yo' born before yo' begun livin' here? Now answer him."—*Success*.

Two or three generations ago, Dr. Samuel Reed was one of the prominent physicians of Boston. His large practice included many patients outside of the city limits, and these he visited in his buggy.

One day he bought a new horse, with which he was much pleased until he discovered that the animal had an insurmountable objection to bridges of all kinds and could not be made to cross one.

As, at this period, it was necessary to cross some bridges in order to reach any one of the surrounding towns, the doctor decided to sell the horse. He did not think it necessary to mention the animal's peculiarity, but was much too honest to misrepresent him, and, after some thought, produced the following advertisement, which he inserted in a local paper:

"FOR SALE.—A bay horse, warranted sound and kind. The only reason for selling is because the owner is obliged to leave Boston."—*June Lippincott's*.

THE late W. E. Gladstone was not a figure who suggested humor—unless it was to his great rival, Disraeli, who once described him as "a sophisticated rhetorician, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"—but there was humor in his comment when his house in Harley Street was attacked one Sunday by thousands of workmen, who were only driven off by a double line of mounted police. Gladstone gazed upon the debris of his hall and then remarked wearily that "the mob had broken the Sabbath."—*Bellman*.

PAGE (who has returned from unsuccessful search in library for copy of "The Olynthiacs and Phillipis" of Demosthenes): Can't find it, sir; but was it anything I could tell yer?—*The Tattler*.

SOMETHING at the Dutch Treat Club dinner recently reminded George Mallon, of the *Sun*, of an old man up in Malone, N. Y., called Uncle Ike. He was so famed for his wisdom that whenever anything extraordinary happened, the villagers always asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

Once a man became ill there and had to go West. Word came back to Malone about the end of the winter that he had reached the point of death. Everybody naturally asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

"He'll live till June," said Uncle Ike, promptly.

"Why do you think so?" asked Malone, breathlessly.

"Well," answered Uncle Ike, sagely, "he always has."—*Everybody's*.

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George Meredith By H. C. GREENE

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"A room without pictures is like a room without windows."—RUSKIN



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The trade-mark above is closely counterfeited by imitators save for the name of the United States Agents, Messrs. Schieffelin & Co., New York, which is printed in red at the lower left hand corner of the label. Be sure that the bottle you get has that name on it, also note the word *Gegenuber* in the second line. To assist in remembering it, cut out the facsimile.

The genuine Johann Maria Farina Eau de Cologne is put up in three styles and shapes of bottles, which are shown here. There is a delicacy and an invigorating quality in the fragrance of the genuine that no imitation has. Its odor is also more lasting.

Send for Free Booklet, "The Perfume of Royalty," which gives the story of its manufacture and complete means of identification, also all sizes and styles of bottles. If your dealer does not supply the genuine, write us and we will tell you how to get it.

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\$62½ SEATTLE and Return

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If low rates are an inducement, you will make a western trip this summer. If mountain scenery has a charm for you, take the daylight ride over the Rockies via the Great Northern Railway. For a comfortable trip, leave St. Paul or Minneapolis any morning on the

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Alaska—Yukon—Pacific Exposition, Seattle, June-October, 1909

Great Northern Railway



HIS WAY HOME

A nervous man on his lonely homeward way, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, heard the echoing of footsteps behind him, and dim visions of hold-up men and garroters coursed through his brain. The faster he walked the more the man behind increased his speed, and although the nervous one took the most roundabout and devious course he could devise, still his tracker followed. At last he turned into a churchyard.

"If he follows me here," he decided, "there can be no doubt about his intentions."

The man behind did follow, and quivering with fear and rage, the nervous one turned and confronted him.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Why are you following me?"

"Do you always go home like this," asked the stranger, "or are you giving yourself a treat to-night? I am going up to Mr. Brown's, and the porter at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse my asking, but are you going home at all to-night?"

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

TAFT BY ELIMINATION

LOEB: Gentleman to see you, sir.

T. R.: Mollicoddle?

"No, sir."

"Undesirable citizen?"

"He doesn't look it."

"Conspirator? Poltroon?"

"Not that I can see."

"Deliberate and unqualified, etc.?"

"I think not, sir."

"Well, why didn't you tell me it was Taft? Show him in."—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

MET Henry W. Savage the other day, and accumulated the following quite characteristic story of George Ade. As of course you know, Mr. Savage produced "The Sultan of Sulu," "Peggy from Paris" and other comic operas of which Mr. Ade's prolific pen was the proud progenitor, and he was urging the Hoozier librettist to write another musical comedy for the Savage office.

"Can't do it, governor," cried Mr. Ade, shaking his head gloomily; "can't do it; I can't write lyrics to save my immortal soul."

"You can't write lyrics?" echoed the tall manager. "Well, I'd like to know what's the matter with 'R-e-m-o-r-s-e'."

"Great Sulu's Sultan!" wailed Ade, grimly; "'R-e-m-o-r-s-e' wasn't a lyric; it was autobiography."—*The Independent*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

Commonwealth Avenue. No smoke or noise from cars.

ALL THE REQUISITES

Two young physicians were exchanging news for the first time since their graduation from the medical school.

"I was surprised when I heard you'd settled at Beech Hill," said one to the other, laughing. "I've always heard it spoken of as such a healthy suburb. I wondered if you'd find any patients there."

"My dear man," said his classmate, earnestly, "it is a healthy suburb, but it is also the stronghold of football, every family has its automobile, and there never was such a place before for giving children's parties. I'm doing splendidly, thank you."—*Youth's Companion*.

Matchless Lake George for your vacation—all sports and attractions. Hotels large and small. "A Summer Paradise" describes it and other cool, delightful resorts in Northern New York. Send 5c. postage to A. A. Heard, G. P. A., Albany, N.Y.

THIS paper tried last week to help a correspondent to an understanding of the significance of the word "mollicoddle," recently popularized by the President. We gave the Century Dictionary's definition. Perhaps a more vivid conception of the idea sought to be conveyed by the President's word will be imparted if we define a mollicoddle, in language once attributed to an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as a person with a chocolate-clair backbone.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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SEE US AT JAMESTOWN

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FAMILY HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER

IN FASHIONABLE and HEALTHY LOCALITY

The Cake in the Hand
is worth two
in the store

If it isn't **PEARS'** *leave it in the store*

Latest Books

Writing for the Press, by Robert Luce. (Boston Clipping Bureau Press.)

The Wingless Victory, by M. P. Willcocks. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

Roy and Ray in Mexico, by Mary W. Plummer. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.75.)

Alice for Short, by William de Morgan. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.75.)

The Sons of the Seigneur, by Helen Wallace. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

True and False Democracy, by N. M. Butler. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.)

Along the Labrador Coast, by C. W. Townsend, M.D. (Dana Estes and Company. \$1.50.)

Gaining Health in the West, by G. B. Price. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.)

Seventy Years Young, by Emily M. Bishop. (B. W. Huebsch. \$1.20.)

A Morning's Mail, by E. V. Cooke. (Pearson Brothers.)

The Shameless Diary of an Explorer, by Robert Dunn. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

This promises pleasure—a Tour to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces by Delaware & Hudson, "Shortest, Quickest and Best Line Between New York and Montreal," skirting shore of Lake Champlain the Magnificent. Reservations and information at 175 and 1354 Broadway, New York.

Above the Mind

AFTER reading the weather report and consulting the barometer, Mrs. Hackett breathed a long sigh of relief and took her best hat out of its bandbox.

"Going to wear that down to breakfast?" inquired Mr. Hackett.

"No, dear," said his wife, as she tilted the hat back and forth on her head before the mirror. "I only want to be sure I get my hair done up so the hat will go on right. It's the morning for our psychical research class, you know."

"I don't quite get the connection," remarked Mr. Hackett.

"There, that's just right," and Mrs. Hackett laid the hat carefully back in its box after a final glance in the mirror. "What did you say, dear? The connection? Why, don't you remember I told you I was going to read that letter from Aunt Louise telling about her wonderful dream—the one where she thought she had wings and flew, and the very next day she heard of Cousin Grace's automobile accident? Well, of course, when you have to stand and read before a whole company, you want your best hat on, even if they are psychical!"—*Youth's Companion*.

Road-Bridge provides for every sort of play or player.

Took Steps to Revenge

THAT young student upstairs must have a tremendous correspondence, postman; you always have letters for him."

"Yes; I quarreled with him once, and ever since he sends himself a post-card every day, so I have to mount five flights of stairs to deliver it."—*Tit-Bits*.

LORD ALVERSTONE, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who has a salary of \$40,000 a year, when at the bar used invariably to get up between five and six in the morning, except when he had been late in Parliament.

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Poe

THE erection of a monument to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe is agitating the good citizens of Baltimore, where Poe, we believe, was born, or died, or something of the sort. Monuments are Baltimore's specialty, but the movement is of meager interest to New Yorkers, who have taken Poe's measure as a poet in excluding him from the Hall of Fame, and who haven't the time, anyway, even to read all the short stories published in the monthly magazines.

Poe's poetical reputation is supposed to rest on "The Raven," but for practical-minded persons it won't do. Just consider for a moment the lines:

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws
his shadow on the floor
And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

It is perfectly apparent that to eke out his rhymes to his refrain, the poet made the raven do a physically impossible thing—sit *above* the lamp and throw a shadow on the floor. As Professor Lounsbury says of Matthew Arnold, there are circumstances in which no amount of genius can make up for the lack of a little accurate knowledge.

And, anyway, Poe was a plagiarist. Like Jack London, and Shakespeare, and Byron, he "took his own where he found it." If you look up your Froissart, for instance, you will find "Hop Frog" there under another form. If "Mr. Longfellow and Other Plagiarists," as denounced by the author of "The Bells," had but known this, they might have retorted in kind.

Besides, did not Emerson call Poe "a jingleman?" And is not Dr. Conan Doyle the greatest writer of detective stories? And has not—but what's the use?

"Flaunt Not Thy Wisdom"

CHANNING POLLOCK, who wrote "The Little Gray Lady," tells a yarn in connection with the first production of that play which, if it does not adorn a tale, certainly points a moral.

The day before the piece went on at the Garrick Theatre, Maurice Campbell, the manager, came to him with a request to embellish the programme with some poetical quotations.

"But I can't think of any at the mo-



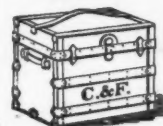
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ment," Mr. Pollock said, "which would be at all appropriate, and the time is too short for me to look them up."

"Oh, make up a few, then," retorted Mr. Campbell, who, like most theatrical managers, considers nothing in this world very difficult after several years' experience in managing stars.

Mr. Pollock, only too willing to please, sat down and wrote this couplet, which seemed particularly apropos of the play:

A man made weak by loving,
Then strong by being loved.

He could think, he says, of no author, living or dead, who is so little read as Arthur Symons, and he gaily attributed the lines to that distinguished gentleman.

The following morning Mr. John Corbin, one of New York's well-known critics, in reviewing the play in the usual way, wrote, in part, somewhat in this wise:

The programme, however, was marred by several quotations which had no bearing whatever on the play. It was particularly distressing to see those beautiful and well-known lines of Arthur Symons given such prominence.

Lawson

IT WAS bound to come, and we are prepared to make the best of it: the dramatic rights for Thomas W. Lawson's novel, "Friday the Thirteenth," have been acquired by David Belasco. This marks a new era in the drama. At last we may expect to see a playwright's name printed on the programme in display type to match the manager's and the property man's. Trust T. W. L. for that. The play will be "nuts" for the press agent. We foresee rumors that Mr. Lawson himself will enact the part of the conquering hero. Invitations to occupy a box on the opening night will be extended to Mr. H. H. Rogers, Mr. John D. Rockefeller and others interested in mural chirography. Every lady attending the one hundredth performance will be given a gold brick inscribed with the heart's blood of the playwright. Any one not a professional dramatic critic who can prove that the play isn't greater ethically than aesthetically will be admitted to the bar of the State of Massachusetts. No "system" speculators will be allowed.

Meanwhile, the latest advices are that the novel has been translated into Papuan, Cingalese, Tibetan, Magyar, Sioux and the dialect of Halstead Street, Chicago. The Yaquis are using it as a text-book in the public schools. Nothing since the appearance of the Mahabharata has caused such a sensation in Hindostan. The Gaelic League is considering the advisability of turning it into Gaelic, in order to discourage immigration. Or are these rumors in reality like those which emanate occasionally from Wall Street, issued for the purpose of booming a sagging stock?

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